Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*.
Vlis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which heere his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringd in Masse by the almighty sunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes eare, in his discent,
Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.
Ther: Heele tickle it for his concupie.
Troy: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.
Vlis: O containe your selfe;
Your passion drawes eares hether. *Enter Eneas.*
Aene: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy:
Aiax your guard stayes to conduct you home.
Troy: Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,
Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.
Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates
Troy. Accept distracted thankes.
Exeunt Troyl. Eeneas and Vlisses.
Ther. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hector and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temperd,
To stop his eares against admonishment:
Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You traine me to offend you, get you in,
By all the euerlasting gods Ile go.
And. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.
Hect. No more I say.
Enter Cassandra.
Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?
And, Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,
Consort with me in lowd and deere petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.
Cass, O tis true.
Hect. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.
Cres. No notes of sallie for the heauens sweete brother.
Hect. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,
Cas. The gods are deafe to hotte and peeuish vowes,
They are polluted offrings more abhord,
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweet *Hector*.
Hect, Hold you still I say,
Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere but the deere man,
Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,
Enter Troylus.
How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.
And. Cassandra call my father to perswade. *Exit Cassan.*
Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*, doffe thy harnesse youth,
I am to day ith' vaine of chiualrie,
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,